

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. I.

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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WHAT AND WHERE IS TEXAS?

A few facts, notorious, undeniable in Texas itself, will settle the question of right as to the present collision on the Rio Grande, and show that our troops, and not the Mexicans, are the actual and wrongful invaders. Our rulers at Washington have studiously kept out of sight all correct data by which public sentiment could reach fair conclusions, and at this moment the European press is treating the boundary question with more geographical precision than our home journals.

The province of Texas never extended to the Rio Grande; never at any period has she, either as an independent Republic, or a Department of Mexico, exercised any act of sovereignty beyond the Nueces. Tamulipas, (of which Matamoros is the chief city,) Coahuila, and Chihuahua, all carry, and have carried, from the date of the Mexican confederacy, their eastern line to the Nueces. This river has ever been the acknowledged boundary of those three States, and as completely their line of separation from Texas as the Potomac marks the line between Maryland and Virginia. North of them all, on both sides of the Rio Grande, lies the immense State of Santa Fe, with an area nearly equal to Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama; and this like the first named three, is, and has ever been, an independent territory, so divided from Texas as to be a foreign country.

The portion of Tamulipas, Coahuila and Chihuahua lying east of the Rio Grande is almost uninhabited; but Laredo, and their few settlements on the margin of the river, are all strictly Mexican, and have never been for an hour under Texan rule. What the Washington Union means by that section of Texas being formed into a County, and represented in the Texan Legislature, is unintelligible to those ignorant of a curious political fiction original with that body. It is worthy of explanation. Some of the Western Counties of Texas, including San Patricio and other Counties within the limits of the original Province, were so depopulated by the Mexican invasion of '36, that they would not be entitled to Delegates at all if a *pro rata* census were to be the standard. Under these circumstances, they were admitted to Congress on the score of geographical extent and future importance, and treated in all respects as if they were inhabited districts. Twenty voters, and even less, have, by this accommodating spirit, sufficed to elect a member of the Texan Congress. Thus the score or two of families forming a trading depot at the extreme corner of this County, (equal in extent to a State,) sent a Representative to Congress. The Union forgets to state, however, that twenty Mexican towns, also included in this territory, never saw the flag of Texas except in captivity, nor a Texan soldier or citizen otherwise than as their prisoner. It forgets, too, that these fifty or sixty thousand Mexicans, who have resided in what we call Texas without ever dreaming of the fact, are still under the Government of Mexico, are ruled by her laws and submissive to her officers. If these twenty villages are within the bounds of the Union, why has no mail route been established to them? And why is not our Army dispossessing the officers of Mexico from the positive sovereignty of our soil, instead of threatening a city and blockading a port which we do not pretend to claim. If we own, by virtue of a resolution of the Texan Congress, all the territory this side of the Rio Grande, then Texas and Mr. Polk have been so remiss as to leave about sixty thousand of our fellow citizens unprotected, and perfectly under foreign control! If, however, something more than a paper claim is requisite—if settlement, protection, purchase, conquest possession, or the consent of its people, is essential to a clear title, then neither Texas nor the United States has one. If Texas, up to her original boundary—the Nueces—has acquired a right to self-government by settlement, conquest, possession, or otherwise, she certainly has acquired, beyond that river, no right whatever.—N. Y. Tribune.

ANOTHER KIDNAPPING OUTRAGE!
A gentleman called at this office and in our absence left a memorandum of another revolting and daring outrage perpetrated within the limits of our State. If the statement is correct, (and although a stranger, we have no reason to doubt what our informant has communicated,) Ohio will be too hot to hold the sordid, man-stealing, God-dishonoring wretch who was instrumental in accomplishing the dark deed of enslaving a fellow being by arts that would make a pirate blush. The facts as stated to us are as follows:
A citizen of Cleveland thought he recognized in a negro, who had been in that place for some time, a slave whom he had seen in Tennessee. He employed the negro to drive a team for him at \$14 per month, and in the mean time wrote to a friend in Tennessee, advising him of the circumstances. The person thus written to, bought from the supposed owner for \$50, his right and title to the colored man and repaired to Cleveland. The unsuspecting teamster was told by his employer that he and a friend were about to visit New Lisbon and wished him to drive the carriage for them. On reaching New Lisbon they told him they were going to Washington, Pa., whither he was instructed to drive. They crossed the Ohio at Wellsville, and as they reached the Virginia shore, the kidnappers presented a pistol, told their driver he was a slave, on slave territory and their prisoner. Helpless and friendless he was compelled to submit and was taken directly to the South.

The above particulars were mentioned at Wellsville, by one of the kidnappers. They aroused a great excitement when generally known, and an effort to pursue the kidnappers and rescue the colored man was about being made, but had not been carried into execution when our informant left. The kidnappers passed through Wellsville on Monday last, from which point the gentleman who called at our office represented himself as having just arrived. We await further information with great solicitude.—O. S. Journal.

ALL FOR FREEDOM.

The incident which follows, we extract from the letter of a southern correspondent to the editor of the Emancipator:

"While at Vicksburg, the house of a planter living some few miles from town, caught fire, and after considerable exertion in vain to extinguish it, it was given up at last, when suddenly a new thought struck the despairing owner, and he cried out to a powerful negro man, that he would give him his freedom if he would save it. Instantly he leaped through the smoke and flames and at the risk of his life succeeded in saving the house. He of course claimed his freedom, but his master told him that he couldn't free him in this country, but he might go to Liberia if he chose to. The poor man was sorely disappointed to be thus cheated by his master, and declared that he preferred to remain where he was, rather than go to Liberia. My informant, himself a slaveholder and neighbor to the man whose house caught fire, said he had endeavored to compromise with him, by giving him a fiddle, but he still remained as dissatisfied as ever. He blamed his neighbor for not giving the man his freedom, after he had promised it to him, and he had so richly earned it."

WHOM DOES THE CHURCH HONOR!—We find the following fact in an editorial of the Free Labor Advocate. See how anti-slavery these Methodists are!

"At the late Annual Conference of the M. E. Church at Philadelphia, a slaveholding minister from slaveholding territory was recommended to the Conference as a candidate for holy orders. The fact was distinctly stated, that he was a slaveholder. It is said that a venerable and influential member stated with particular reference to his being a slaveholder, that he hoped the candidate would be elected unanimously; and in order to prevent that part of the Church going with the Church South, he was elected by an almost unanimous vote."

Communications.

CHESTER X. ROADS, Georgia co., O.,
May 21st, 1846.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

Inclosed I send you a communication written for the Gallipolis Journal. As it purports, it was intended as a reply to an attack made upon Mr. and Mrs. Foster, through the columns of that paper. But they are closed against it. If, in your judgment, the cause of truth and right will be subserved by giving it a place in the Bugle, you are at liberty thus to dispose of it.

For the cause,

H. W. CURTIS.

MR. NASH:—

A copy of the Journal of Feb. 5th, has been sent me, containing an extract of a letter concerning Mr. S. S. Foster and his Lady. As some grave charges are preferred against the individuals named, I, to whom the letter containing the extract was written, respectfully ask permission to say a few words in reply, through the columns of your paper.

FRIEND W:—You have seen fit to publish what you said to me of Mrs. Foster, in your letter of last fall. Of this I do not complain; you have a right to spread your opinions concerning her, or any one else, as far as the wings of the press may enable you. I only ask the

privilege of attempting to counteract the influence such opinions will be likely to create, by the same means.

I understand your objections to Mr. and Mrs. Foster to be the following: They seek a dissolution of the Union; they denounce the Church, and are infidels; Mrs. Foster is not a pure woman, in the best sense of the word.

They seek a dissolution of the Union. In regard to this accusation, you say, "Let our Government be dissolved, overthrown, by foes without or traitors within, and where is the philanthropist or christian who will not say that liberty, civil and religious, has received a shock that will be felt to the remotest generation?" Again, "I do not believe it is in the spirit and design of our sacred Constitution that slavery should be perpetuated in any of the States of the Union." And again, "I tell you frankly, friend C., I look upon S. S. Foster, Abby Kelley, and the Society whose agents they are, as no better than so many traitors—traitors to themselves, traitors to their country, traitors to their God and the Christian religion."

In the first of the above extracts, you give utterance to what you suppose will be the consequence of dissolution: civil and religious liberty will receive a terrible shock. In the second you give your views of the Constitution—it is not in the spirit and design of that instrument that slavery shall be perpetuated. In the third you give such names to those who favor dissolution, as, in your judgment, they merit. They are traitors to themselves, their country, their God and the Christian religion. I will consider each of these specifications.

Liberty, civil and religious, will receive a terrible shock by dissolution. Friend W., you will find on close reflection, I imagine, that this is a feeling which grows out of popular prejudice, rather than genuine patriotism or a supreme regard for Christianity. Prejudice drags down every generous sentiment and feeling of the soul, to its own grovelling level. The devoted Hindoo tremble at every prospect of innovations upon their civil and religious customs—rights or liberties, as they would say. The yearly pilgrimages bring millions of that benighted people around the Temple of Juggernaut; he is brought out before them, his head towering to Heaven; the car on which he rides rolls forward, a devotee casts himself under its bloody wheels, and is crushed to atoms; the shouts and exultations of the multitude rend the Heavens; they give half they possess for the support of His Majesty's temple and worship; thousands die of starvation and fatigue; those who live to return to their homes go joyfully and patriotically and religiously to the task of preparing for the next pilgrimage. When Christianity shall take the place of all this, "who will not say that liberty, civil and religious, has received a shock that will be felt to the remotest generations?" By this I intend nothing invidious. I mean only to show, as the above, it seems to me, most strikingly does, that zeal for, and attachment to, civil and religious institutions of any kind, are no proof that they are the best. A blind prejudice, and nothing else, may lie at the bottom of the whole. The remark here is pertinent that, a corrupt church and a corrupt government will be elung to by the political demagogue and religious hypocrite, because, through their aid the most efficient means possible, is rendered for accomplishing whatever wicked schemes may be devised.

If, then, the government of the United States embraces in its Fundamental Law or Constitution, principles that are at war with the law of God, leaving to the only alternative of proclaiming hostility to one or the other, against which shall we declare, friend W.? Which government shall we abjure? The government of God, or the government of the United States? And where is the danger that "civil and religious liberty" are to receive such a "shock" as you contemplate, when their holiest principles cry out, as I raise my hand to take the oath to support the U. S. Constitution, "Hail! That instrument requires all who take that oath to return the 'fugitive,' to stride down the slave in his holiest struggle for liberty, to pay double honors to him who does the greatest business in robbing men, while we denounce those acts as traitorous to the government of God."

But you will say I am begging the question. From the fact that it is not in the spirit and design of our sacred Constitution that slavery shall be perpetuated, civil and religious liberty make no such demand as I raise my hand to take the oath of office. Then I will attend to this plea.

W., do you pretend that there are no "compromises" in the Constitution, in favor of slavery? Do you deny that, in the language of Daniel Webster, the Constitution contains "solemn guarantees" in favor of slavery? Is it not true that the Constitution pays a bonus upon slavery, by granting to every man three votes for every five human beings he may steal, rob and pollute, that is, reduce to slavery? Is it not true that this advantage thus gained over freemen, gives the slave-power the means of crushing every interest depending upon free labor? Is it not true that 70,000 freemen, by virtue of the three-fifth rule of representation, have to take their seat in Congress, in the person of their representative, by the side of only 10,000 thieves, provided they have so far succeeded in their work of devils, as to bring 100,000 human beings into their living hell? The truth is, every one of these questions must be answered in favor of slavery. Dare you deny it? Dare any one who has a reputation to lose, risk it upon a denial of this fact? We may attempt to say many things in extenuation of it, but its dark deformity cannot be hid. Whoever votes or takes office under the Constitution, must submit himself to all the damning degradation it imposes. Example: You are cast by shipwreck upon one side of an island, the other side of which is inhabited. You do not like the habits of life, forms of government, &c., of your new neighbors, and, in company with your fellow-sufferers, conclude to set up a government for yourselves. It is done—matters move on harmoniously for a time, but at length it appears that "the common defence and general welfare" would be promoted by a confederation with your neighbor islanders. Well, a union is formed on the condition that, in your part of the island, every male inhabitant over twenty-one shall be allowed one vote—on the other, every male inhabitant over twenty-one shall be allowed one vote for himself, three for every five horses he may steal. You know that such a government would not only permit, but sanction and encourage the sin of horse-stealing. And if you, understanding its nature, did not "come out" from it, you would be a horse-thief. But on the dissolution of such a government, "where is the philanthropist who will not say that liberty, civil and religious, has received a shock that will be felt to the remotest generation?" Irony aside—I aver that such a case needs only to be stated to receive the condemnation that its damning iniquity justly merits. How much better is a man than a horse? Determine that, and you determine the strength of the demand made by justice and humanity, that the American Union be dissolved, over the demand for a dissolution of your horse-stealing government. Yet you "abhor the principle which for any cause that now exists would destroy our Constitution and form of government."

But I think that a justifiable principle which would destroy a government, the fundamental law of which sanctions, sustains, and pays a bonus upon lying, theft, robbery, adultery—a theft, not of things, but of men—a robbery that renders every sixth mother childless, every sixth wife husbandless, every sixth child an orphan, and every sixth woman a common prostitute—that cuts off the slave from all hope of happiness on earth or in Heaven; and if you do not regard such a principle as just, you must have other views of morals than those which I possess.

But I am extending this part of my communication much further than I had intended. I will only say in this connection that, the Constitution pledges the whole military power of the nation against the slave, were he, in imitation of our Revolutionary fathers, to re-affirm the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and strike for freedom.—Were a Lafayette to unfurl the banner of Liberty upon our Southern shores and offer the boon of Freedom to the three millions of crushed Americans, every government bayonet would be driven to his heart. You and I swear ourselves to do this every time we deposit a vote in the ballot box. So devoted is the government to the cause of the man-thief that if by chance one of his victims catches a glimpse of the north star, and, prompted by the hope that it inspires, starts from the "land of the free and the home of the brave," for monarchial liberty, it lays its impious hand upon his last lingering hope, and says "he shall not be discharged from

his service or labor." If civil and religious liberty are to receive such a terrible shock by upturning such a government—if civil and religious liberty have for their foundation lying, theft, robbery, adultery, in short the "sum of all villanies," then I say I misunderstand the meaning of those terms, and am ready to cry, down with civil and religious liberty. As soon would I countenance the claims of the devil. To be "traitors" to such a government is glorious. To continue allegiance to it, understanding its requirements, is infamous. I place this simple truth against all that the traducers of Mrs. Foster can hurl at her for "abjuring" the government of the United States.

But she denounces Churches and Ministers—she is an infidel.

This accusation, friend W. is not original with yourself. It is true that Mrs. Foster and her companion, for themselves, and as agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, do denounce the American Church and Clergy as pro-slavery—they denominated them a "Brotherhood of Thieves"—they represent them as the "Bulwarks of American Slavery." They do this with great severity—ah! with the severity of truth. This fact accounts for the tirade, for the flood of persecution, that is opened upon them wherever they go.—The cry of infidelity is raised against them; and, to secure the country against its blighting effects, the grog-shops and sinks of pollution are disgorged of their contents, which, in regular mob order, armed with brick bats and rotten eggs, go forth to the rescue of the Church; and after faithfully plying their weapons upon the infidels, the clergy answer back, "they have got what they deserve."—Truth is the appropriate weapon to be used against error. When any other is resorted to, it is *proof positive* that he who does it is in the wrong. Grant for the sake of argument, that Mrs. Foster and her coadjutors are infidels. Does that make out that the crimes which she alleges against the Church and clergy are false? Prove that I am a thief, and you come very far short of making yourself out an honest man. W., I look upon this cry of infidelity, raised by the Church and clergy, as an attempt to raise a cloud of smoke and fog, that they may hide their own wickedness. Rightfully understood, it is an acknowledgment that what is said against them is true.

But farther. Those who bring such accusations are very likely to be found guilty of the same thing. No one is more ready to cry "stop thief" than the incendiary who has secured the booty. I will not say that it is the real intention of the clergy to propagate infidelity; but I will say that they could not adopt more efficient means, were the spread of infidelity their direct object, than those they now use. Christianity is professedly a system of *good will—love*. But when the world sees that a system of oppression that would make devils blush is practised in her name, and she raises no voice against it, is not the inference natural that it is worse than a *faux pas*—a lie? How must an infinitely holy God look upon a Church that fellowships and holds communion with a man that could utter the following language!—"If abolitionists will set the country in a blaze, it is but fair that they should receive the first warning at the fire." • • • • • "Abolitionists are like infidels, wholly undisciplined to martyrdom for opinion's sake. Let them understand that they will be caught (lynched) if they come among us, and they will take good care to keep out of our way. There is not one man among them who has any more idea of shedding his blood in this cause than he has of making war upon the Grand Turk." This is the language of Mr. Wm. S. Plummer, D. D., a prominent divine of the Presbyterian Church, who resides in Richmond, Virginia. He would join the South in lynching and burning every abolitionist whose business or inclination might lead them thither. But has this infamously murderous language ever subjected the D. D. to the least censure from his denomination, or any part of it, either North or South? It is true that, whatever individuals may have said, from the body, as such, he has received no censure. Hence the conclusion is legitimate, that the Presbyterians, as a body, sympathize with, and adopt the language of Plummer, as their own. Go, W., and search the records of infidelity—cull from the darkest page that finds on the sea of blood, as it rolls its terrible waves to the ocean—the blackest sentiment of infidelity ever uttered—how

far does it fall short of equaling in enormity this language of Plummer—of the Presbyterian Church! Yet this is a sentiment with which the leading religious denominations of America are in full sympathy; a religion that would burn at the stake the man who would "break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free," that would "open the prison doors to them that are bound." No doubt, those who oppose such a religion, are infidels! Don't say, I have made the American Churches responsible for an isolated case. They have made themselves responsible for it. Would it be possible for the Presbyterian Church to exclude Wm. S. Plummer from her communion, or cast a condemnatory censure upon him, on account of the language I have quoted? And on account of this iniquity, can any of the other leading denominations be brought to disfellowship the Presbyterians? The fact that these questions must be answered in the negative, is abundant proof that the American Church, as such, is as guilty as Plummer himself. Who, then, taking the American Church as the representative of Christianity, would not prefer open infidelity? Here, I rest my proof, that, in all decency, the Church and Clergy are the last that should raise the cry of infidelity. True, I might strengthen it by quoting from the direct acts of all the denominations implicated; but it is unnecessary.

I come now to your objections to "female lecturing." You ask: "Is Mrs. Foster pure in character?—a true woman in the best sense of the word?" W., do you intend to insinuate that she is not true and pure in the best sense of these words? An insinuation to that effect would be most unjust and slanderous, were it intended to refer, in any manner, to her moral character. The connection, however, seems to show that such was not the design. The object seems to be, to censure her severely, because she takes the place of a "female lecturer." Taking this view of the matter, I pass it with the single remark that, to me, other language would be less objectionable.

More than half of your letter is occupied with an attempt to show that the reason why Mrs. Foster has not been successfully met, is, "a woman speaks." Of this cry against female lecturing, I should say nothing, did not you echo it with such vehemence. I admit that it is a matter of taste about which there may be honest differences of opinion. But, W., you go too far when you consign Mrs. Foster, or any one else, to contempt, because she may think it her duty, and does accordingly, address public assemblies.

Where is the objection? In what does it consist? If a woman may not speak as a lecturer, may she speak at all beyond the domestic circle? If she may, where shall she stop? I know not what answer you would make to these questions, unless it were, "Let an intuitive sense of propriety direct." I will. In all heathen countries, the intuitive sense of propriety makes women slaves. Will you follow your rule here? In enlightened countries, you are aware, this sense of propriety differs. Here, on the Reserve, but very few "noses grow deformed," as woman steps upon the forum. I believe the truth to be this: The practice in question is not common, therefore, it is not popular, and, therefore, it must be denounced. Much is said in respect to the "sphere of woman." Novelists make it to lie within a circle, sacred against all, except the "Angel Beauty," her "Lover," "necar," and—"fools' heads." And the "Ladies' Schools" are, generally, the exact counterpart of this picture. I am not at all surprised that public sentiment should be what it is, on this subject. It would be strange if it were otherwise. But shall we pander to a public sentiment that makes woman a plaything.

But you entirely mistake, if you suppose it is because a "woman throws down the glove of defiance," that Mrs. Foster has not been successfully met. The idea of answering sarcasm with sarcasm, when it comes from a woman, is nothing like so horrible to me, as it seems to you. True, if she condescends to blackguardism, he belittles and belittles himself who notices her. But none the more, because a woman speaks. If a man does the same, he degrades himself just as much that notices him, as though he were to take the same stand with regard to woman. I have seen Mrs. Foster in debate with those who differed from her; but I have never discovered anything of that terrible feeling of restraint which you have made out to be so overwhelming, at the end of your "molasses story." But "you are so illy prepared to do Mrs. Foster justice," that you have done her great injustice in representing that she carries her points by a storm of sarcasm. She does not such thing. I never witnessed more respectful and courteous treatment, than those receive at her hands, who oppose her in discussion. And I have noticed that those who are least prepared to do her justice, are those that have never seen her.

Believing that anonymous communications,

especially if they involve character, should have no place in the public journals, I give you my real name.

H. W. CURTIS.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—Valentine Nicholson, a reformer of some note, and from account, a very worthy man, has in your last, under the head of "Comeouterism," published some quotations from certain communications and private letters of mine, together with his own comments, which very naturally suggest to my mind a few thoughts.

This friend is grieved that I should regard Comeouterism the most feeble instrument of reform.

He is right in supposing that I would desire to know it, if I am deceived, and I would say to him that I thank him for any light which he can give me either through this paper or otherwise. It is his duty to disseminate his views, and if they appear to be sustained by good reasons, I cannot honestly reject them.

I have carefully weighed the arguments he has adduced in favor of his doctrine, but can either not appreciate their force, or they do not sustain his position. He first states that no reformation had ever been wrought except by the persons engaged in them coming out. The friend may have evidence to make this clear to his mind, but the evidence which I have goes to convince me that the contrary has been the fact. It is by association and not by individual effort that the reforms have been produced.

Comeouterism is to abandon these well tried and successful means of advancing truth. The Comeouters of religious societies formerly seem to have had a very different object from those of the present day. If the latter were to leave one society and connect themselves with another and a better one, I could see no objection to them. But this does not appear to be the case.

Friend Nicholson advances a second argument by a quotation from Paul: I have frequently heard this text used to induce members of Friends to stay in; to show that it was unscriptural and wrong for them to mingle even in a promiscuous reform meeting!—It would not be advisable for my friend and the bigoted sectarian to dispute about their respective claims to this passage of Scripture, for it does not appear to me to have any application to the case of either.

But it is by these arguments and the simile of the "acorn," that this friend desires to convince me of the correctness of the Comeouter doctrine. There do not appear to be any facts adduced by him, and the arguments even, do seem to me, so far as they apply at all, to pertain to the other side of the question.

I will therefore leave the subject for the present by offsetting these arguments by two living facts, from among thousands of a similar kind which could be named. These are Valentine Nicholson and Wm. H. Hillis. The cultivated minds of these individuals are the fruits of Stay-in-ism. They were both taught in the Quaker school. I should despair of seeing such instances in the next generation under the reign of Comeouterism.

Friend Nicholson, in quoting from a letter to W. H. Hillis in 1841, implies that the sentiments which I then penned to an intimate friend, would cause me deep mortification by being placed before the public in juxtaposition with my arguments against Comeouterism. Why does he think so? There is not a word in it in favor of Comeouterism.

The extract admits that Friends, as a body, are opposed to non-resistance. I have never entertained a doubt of that. It admits Friends to be very deficient in living up to their professions. Where have I ever written anything contrary to this? This extract, although written at a time when there was perhaps less than half as many real abolitionists among Friends as at present, and evidently under as much feeling as is often permitted to have place in my mind against the indifference of members upon reform questions, yet with all this advantage, friend Nicholson will be unable to find one idea in my communications which contravene any part of this extract. I have no doubt, however, that justice to Friends would at this time forbid so general a charge as I then made. Friend Nicholson will agree with me in this, unless he considers my charge in the extract to be too low at the time it was made, for he knows many Friends have been converted to the reform doctrines since that period. Even within a year a great change in this respect is manifested in many places.

But why should this friend feel so sanguine of having discovered a discrepancy between my articles of 1841 and 1846, which would cause a "blush" before they could be set aside, &c.?

He evidently considers that to admit that Friends are wrong on one or several points, is to say in so many words, that to come out from them is a duty! I can see no other meaning to his communication. The whole issue between us then is, as to whether an individual can consistently remain a member of

a Society and admit errors and inconsistencies to exist in it. He could not have supposed that I should "blush" to perceive that I had in 1841, represented the society as standing opposed to non-resistance, if he had not imbibed the common error of supposing that Friends laid claim to perfection. How sanguine friend Nicholson appears to be that my arguments against Comeouterism are met and refuted by my own admission of the great declension of Friends! He introduces the exclamation, "Oh! Benjamin, Benjamin." I can show him where the Society of Friends give, in substance, the same humiliating account of themselves! Had he understood my position he would have seen that that does not conflict in the least with my arguments against Comeouterism, but on the contrary I have admitted all of it which could be material to his purpose. In my controversy with Barnaby, it was not necessary to my purpose to go into a description of the defects and errors of Friends—hence friend N. concludes (though the contrary appears in that correspondence) that I have assumed the Comeouter's idea of alleged perfection on the part of Friends.

I consider that one of the chief necessities of religious organization arises from the truth of what is said in my letter to Hillis, of their imperfections, and that when we become, as the Comeouters say we profess to be, good Christians, the necessity of religious association will be nearly superseded. Their object is to make Christians, not to pen them up when they are made. Friend Nicholson should not object to this idea, for it would follow that those who become perfect Christians by this training may, unless they can do something toward converting the rest, very properly go out as finished. He should not, however, murmur if those who are not thus perfected should remain in the Society.

Would he desire those who are below the moral standard of a Society to come out?—Does he pretend that what might be his duty must also be the duty of every other? Was it his duty to leave the Society of Friends before he perceived it wrong to remain? Would friend Nicholson have me come out from the anti-slavery society, because its members use and traffic in slave labor products, which I regard as more pro-slavery than voting for slaveholders? The Society of Friends are now doing much more on this subject than the A. S. Society, and while the "declaration" of the latter enjoins this duty, and the practice and preaching of leading abolitionists is against it, Friends, having no discipline on the subject, are encouraging it by their latest official acts. Abolitionists have but one general subject under care: Friends have the whole scope of human duty before them. Abolitionists ought to be further ahead of them on the question of slavery than they are. If slavery were the only question with which we are contending in the Society of Friends, the A. S. Society would be a substitute. But I trust my friend will agree with me, that there are a score of branches to the reform question, each of which as certainly requires an association to advance it as do the Temperance and Anti-Slavery reform. If he believes the best mode of rolling logs is for each man to do his own independently, instead of hitching teams with his neighbor, I will then proceed to show him why I believe the latter the most effectual means; but if he be convinced of the advantages of co-operated action on each reform question, I desire him to explain to me how Comeouterism can be reconciled with the above positions. If Comeouters believe in the instrumentality of combined effort, where is their practice that will show it? Have they ten new associations formed? That is not enough; have they twenty? This would still be too few. Have they formed one grand association to embrace the whole round of these questions? If so it is well, and I should desire to belong to it.

If a member of Friends, who is also connected with each of the reform associations around him, and untrammelled in either, as it is my intention always to be, cannot do as much as a Comeouter, who has but a part of these advantages, I sincerely hope my friend will convince me of the fact soon.

One quotation from brother Nicholson:—"The gallery influence is sufficient to keep every one silent and dumb whilst they sit under it and submit to it; and to oppose is only to prepare the way for being cast out with the disgrace of disownment; and this few are prepared to endure." Truly "here is an argument speaking in tones like thunder," and what does it say? Why, plainly that Comeouters have strunk from duty in order to avoid the disgrace of disownment, which few are prepared to endure! Having no room for comment, I might close as did my friend, and by substituting Valentine for "Benjamin," say, "Oh! Valentine, Valentine!" &c.

BENJ. B. DAVIS.
Salem, 5th mo. 21st, 1846.

P. S. Friend Nicholson need not hesitate to express his views through the Bugle, for fear of interfering in the discussion between Barnaby and I, as that may be considered at an end, per the admonition of the editors. It is due to myself here to remark that a defence generally requires many more words than to specify charges, &c., hence my apology for occupying, as I suppose, the most space in that controversy. Friend Barnaby has also the advantage of the "closing argument."—After this explanation I am quite satisfied.

B. B. D.
PATRIOTISM.
DEAR EDITORS:—The War spirit has again broken out, and the murderous engine of battle is doing its bloody work. Tumult and excitement fill the minds of the people.—Like raging waves of the sea they are foaming out their own shame. In such an hour, it seems of but little avail for Truth to lift up its voice. Will the thousands of voices in the land, advocating the principles of Freedom and Peace, be heard amid the clangor of arms, or the whirlwind of war? Reason and Reflection are dethroned, and many, partaking of the nature of bull-dogs, will rush madly on to battle. As well attempt to reason with wild-beasts, as with such, or with those who urge them on. Still, a few there are, whom the truth will reach; and it becomes every friend of humanity to protest against the war now waged by Christian America against the "semi-barbarous" country of Mexico. War, though always unrighteous and inhuman, is, in this case, superlatively mean and infernal. Slavery, that spawn of darkness, has demanded this war to extend her gory dominions. And the people of the North have responded to her call. Whigs, Democrats and Liberty men have lifted up the bloody battle-axe at her bidding, and have gone forth, or are ready to go forth, to slay and butcher their fellow men. And the men in these parties are making professions of Christianity high as heaven, but shall I say their unnatural depravity is deep as hell?

Certainly, Liberty men generally, do not sympathize with this nation in this terrible work. How many there are who do, I cannot tell. At any rate, quite a prominent one, who is Captain of the "Darlington Artillery Company," has offered his services to the Governor of this State to go and hew down the Mexicans.

As a further illustration of the inhumanity, the perfidy, the rapacity of this nation, look at the demon-like exultation of the press over the butchery and bloodshed of the people of Mexico. The Whig paper published in this county copies an article from the New Orleans Picayune, headed "Glorious triumph of the American Arms—Destruction of Matamoros—700 Mexicans killed;" and another from a Baltimore paper headed "Glorious news from the seat of War—1200 Mexicans killed." A "glorious triumph," to desolate human hearts—to make widows and orphans—to batter down cities and slaughter their inhabitants, drenching the earth with human blood, and causing the shrieks and groans of mothers and daughters, husbands and wives, to fill the earth. The clergy of this nation say almost universally, that Christianity allows these things. The few who have manhood and humanity enough to condemn it, are branded as infidels. God grant that I may ever be an infidel to American Christianity—a Christianity which riots on human hearts and human blood. I cannot be faithful to Truth, goodness and humanity, if I am not. The clergy profess to imitate the Prince of Peace. Let their fruits testify if they are not followers of the Prince of War, of Slavery, of Darkness, and infidels to a pure Christianity.

Look at the nation's treatment of Torrey—a noble-hearted man who was captured, imprisoned and murdered for acting the part of the "Good Samaritan." Did the church and clergy of this land plead for his deliverance? Did they hearken to the entreaties of his beloved wife? They showed about as much sympathy and humanity as an ice berg!—When their brother "was sick and in prison, they visited him not." But I turn from the contemplation of these things with sadness of heart; and look out upon the grassy lawn and verdant hills, and flowing waters, and hear the wild bird sing his song in gratitude for this smiling morn. In these things I see harmony, beauty and peace. Then "welcome, ye bowers, ye flowery thickets, hail." From man's terrible doings let me turn, while you shall be to me "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Yours affectionately,
MILO A. TOWNSEND.
New Brighton, Pa., May 31, 1846.

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New Brighton, Pa., May 31, 1846.

"POOR LIBERTY PARTY."

On Tuesday last, the Liberty party's convention was held at Warren. The large Court-House was filled to overflowing; a band of music was in attendance, cheering on the friends of Freedom by their delightful performance. The largeness of the congrega-

tion—in view of the calamitous fire, which, but the evening previous, laid waste nearly half this flourishing village—was truly astonishing. Really, the "Poor Liberty Party," judging by the mass there assembled, and the deep interest manifested, are not so nearly defunct as some say. Mr. Lewis, their candidate for Governor, was present, and in a speech of three hour's length, defined the position of his party, clearly proving to all, the fitness of voting (using the ballot-box) for the redemption of the slave. When he had concluded his eloquent address, the House rung for some minutes with the applause of his enraptured audience, when the meeting adjourned.

M. C.

[We publish the above to gratify the friend who wrote it. He doubtless thinks that the Liberty party in Columbiana county, needs some words of cheer. We suspect, however, that nothing short of a galvanic battery can cause it to manifest any signs of life, and then its action would be merely spasmodic. We may, however, be mistaken, and if M. C. will call a little louder, he will, perhaps, find whether it is dead or sleeping, peradventure it has gone on a journey. The Liberty party men of Columbiana, we doubt not, would be much obliged to our correspondent if he would make them forget the small gathering they had here; but what to them is the large meeting at Warren, when the remembrance of the meagre one at Salem, is to them the Mordecai that sits in the king's gate. If they may be permitted to parody the words of a familiar song, they would probably say, or sing—

Oh, how we hate to mention it,
Or let its fate be known;
It mortified us thus to have
Our growing weakness shown.
In vain they tell how Trumbull sent
Its voters far and near;
Although the meeting there was great,
We had a failure here.

The poetry, by the way, reminds us of the band of musicians to which our correspondent alludes, and which probably formed an important item in the Warren bill of fare.—We remember hearing of an old Dutch woman, who, when asked why she went to church, replied, "Why, you fool, to hear the organ." We have several times gone to various places for the sake of the music, and who can say but what a large portion of the Warren multitude cared more for the beating of the drum, than the beating of the slave.—Edw.]

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JUNE 12, 1846.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

ANNIVERSARY NOTICE.

The Ohio Am. A. S. Society will hold its Annual Meeting at New Garden, Col. Co., commencing on the 17th of June, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Arrangements are being made for the attendance of prominent advocates of the oppressed, not only of our own, but other states; the result of which, with other particulars, will be made known previous to the meeting.

From the increasing interest in this state we anticipate a GENERAL RALLY. We also invite our friends of Western Pennsylvania, and Eastern Indiana to be with us on that occasion, and aid in devising efficient plans of operation for the coming year.

By order of the Ex. Com. of the O. A. A. S. Society.
LOT HOLMES,
Rec. Secretary.

N. SELBY'S LETTER.

We had neither time nor space last week to say what we wished in relation to the positions advocated by our friend Selby in the communication we then published. Most of our readers may be acquainted with the fact, that he is a Wesleyan minister, and possesses considerable influence in that denomination; and therefore, while we rejoice that a portion of that influence will be exerted to induce its members to withdraw from the support of a pro-slavery government, we regret that his views in relation to most of the points he presents, are so erroneous.

In regard to his last position, we would say, if the Wesleyans may innocently vote with Liberty party, why may they not innocently vote with Whig and Democratic parties—why not innocently become slave claimants? We think it possible they may do any or all of these things without incurring the guilt attached to those who sin wilfully.—We have no doubt there are, or have been, slave-holders who never dreamed that slavery was a violation of the Divine law; but the slave suffered a wrong nevertheless, and the act of slaveholding in such case, was, as it ever has and will be, a violation of christian

principles. If the sin of ignorance does not disqualify a man for Wesleyan fellowship, such slaveholders should be recognized by friend Selby as brethren in the Lord, if they are christian in other respects. We know some conscientious anti-slavery Whigs and Democrats, who believe they are doing much to overthrow slavery by their party votes. This is a sin of ignorance; will friend Selby justify it, and admit them to the communion table? If he exclude these two classes, consistency, certainly, requires that he exclude the third, who, as we will grant, ignorantly sin in doing what friend Selby admits it is wrong to do—voting under the U. S. Constitution. He refers to the fact, that the advocates of Liberty party, are sincere and self-sacrificing. This is doubtless true of many of them, but it is no proof that their course of action is in conformity with righteous principles. The devotees of all religions have manifested as much sincerity, and made as many sacrifices as is possible for human nature; some have even laid their lives upon the bloody altar of a foul and loathsome god. Does this prove them in the right?—Should deeds like these, shield them from condemnation? If friend Selby's reasoning be correct, we must answer in the affirmative.

His 2nd position is, the Disunionists are right. This is made without any qualification, without a single *if* or *but*. As in the very nature of things, their can be but one right view or position in relation to any subject or course of action, it is not arrogance to assert, that if we are right, all who differ from us must necessarily be wrong. If we believe we are right, it is as much a duty to strive to establish our views of right, as to cease from the wrong. The Disunionists are right, says our friend, and what is their position? That the U. S. Constitution is pro-slavery, and that all who held office, or vote under it, aid in the support of slavery, and therefore, that secession from the government is a duty. The doctrine of Liberty party is directly the reverse of this, and our friend's 3rd position is untenable, if his 2nd be correct.

In defining it, he substantially declares, that those who are in the right should not fall out with those who are *sincerely* in the wrong—they should not spend time in contending with such, about so small a matter as to which has the right and which the wrong mode of action, seeing that both have the same end in view—the abolition of slavery. Such doctrine will allow a man to slip through the world with amazing little labor. A Catholic goes to his priest for absolution; don't contend with him about so small a matter as the way in which he shall seek forgiveness of sins, seeing that you both have the same end in view. If a minister preach universal, unconditional salvation as the means by which to establish the kingdom of God upon earth, don't contend with him about so small a matter as the way in which it shall be done, for it is what you also labor to establish. If a slaveholding lover of missions sells a babe from its mother, in order to send Missionaries to the heathen, don't contend with him about so small a matter as the way in which the Societies' agents shall be sustained, you are both laboring for the same end. If a master, who desires to benefit his slave, and make him honest, industrious and faithful, thinks that in order to accomplish it, he must keep him a slave, flog him weekly, and give him a scanty allowance, don't contend with him about so small a matter as the means, for you both desire Sam's good.

If our friend thinks the Disunionists are right, he cannot escape from the conclusion that the course pursued by Liberty party is wrong; and we tell him plainly, but kindly, that instead of encouraging those who are doing a wrong act, to enlarge their borders, and disseminate their erroneous views, he should be laboring to convert them to the true position, and continually contend with them about the small matter of righteous means.—We give him credit for honesty of purpose, but his argument in relation to this matter savors too much of the jesuitical doctrine, that the end sanctifies the means.

The idea of Disunionists and the advocates of Liberty party laboring together in harmony, would never have been suggested by any one who rightly understood the points of difference between them—it would be as impossible for them to work together, as antagonistic principles to harmonize. If Liberty party was to succeed, it would be a triumph over Disunion principles; as Disunion increases, Liberty party will die, and in the hour of its complete success, there will not remain a remnant of that party to remind the world of its former existence. Can friend Selby labor in harmony with the Catholic in obtaining the remission of sins—with the Universalist in preaching salvation and building up the kingdom of God—with the slaveholders in converting the heathen—with the slave's master in benefiting Sam? No, no friend Selby, there can be no harmony between Dis-

union and Liberty party. Pilate and Herod may become friends, but Truth and Error never. We believe the only peaceable means by which the bondman can be released from his fetters, is by the spread of Disunion principles, by the strengthening of the growing sentiment, that faithfulness to the slave requires that we hold no political or religious fellowship with his oppressor. If we are true to these principles, we shall oppose everything which tends to crush them, or retard their advance. Whigs and Democrats, the members of a pro-slavery church, and the advocates of a slaveholding government, stand directly in the way of their progress. We cannot harmonize with these organizations, but on the contrary must contend against them, for they oppose the right. They cannot help doing it, so long as they occupy their present position, and what is true of their position and influence, is true to a greater or lesser extent of the position and influence of Liberty party.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.

It will be seen by an extract from the State Journal on our first page, that another fugitive has been recaptured, taken from Cleveland almost within sight of the promised land. Some of our exchanges speak of the excitement in relation to it, and there is a talk of prosecuting the kidnappers, as they call the men who acted in conformity with a provision of the United States Constitution.

Excitement! The slave gets excited when his wife is sold from him, and his children one by one taken from his embrace, but alas! what avails it? his hands are fettered, his person is loaded with chains, he is powerless to redress his wrongs. So with Ohio. She may get excited, her entire community may be aroused by this or similar outrages, but what can she accomplish by it so long as the fetters of Constitution bind her hand and foot. Besides, it is unsound philosophy to get excited because the fire burns your hand, when at the same time you insist upon holding it in the flames.

If the current statement be a correct representation of the circumstances of the case, the men who are denounced as kidnappers, are no more kidnappers than the Constitution authorizes them to be. If those who feel so indignant against the men who acted in conformity with the Constitution, that sacred, venerated instrument, and who were guilty of no legal wrong, would direct a tythe of it against the parties to the bond which enabled them Constitutionally to perpetrate so great a moral outrage, it would be better both for themselves, and for the slave. Such cases should speak to the heart of every supporter of the Constitution in thunder tones, and when he denounces the outrages and condemns the act, should fasten deep upon his soul the charge "Thou art the man."

WATER CURE ADVOCATE.—J. D. Cope and A. Hinchman, of this place, propose issuing a semi-monthly periodical of 16 pages, bearing the above name, and to be edited by Dr. J. D. Cope. It will contain facts and arguments to show the superiority of cold water as a remedial agent over those proposed by the advocates of other theories than Hydropathy, together with such information as will make its readers familiar with the manner in which the water is applied. Terms, \$1 per year for one copy, \$2 for three copies, \$4 for seven, and 50 cents each for ten or more copies. Payment invariably in advance.

Quite a number of cases have recently come to our knowledge of astonishing cures performed by the simple agency of cold water. It is so bountifully provided us, so grateful in its application, and so simple in its character, that many are incredulous as to its power. They are willing to do their system, to poison the very marrow in their bones, or do some other great thing, in order to effect a cure, but reject the idea of being cleansed from disease by simply washing in Jordan seven times.

ILLUSTRATED BOTANY.—On our last page will be found a Prospectus of this work, one number of which we have given a hasty glance. It is beautifully got up, and if its literary and scientific merits correspond with its tasteful appearance, and we are assured that it, will prove a valuable and interesting work to all lovers of flowers, those "stars of earth," as the poet calls them. If any of our subscribers are desirous of taking it, we will cheerfully forward their names and money to the publishers in New York. We are informed that James C. Marshall is an agent for the work.

The Post Master at Elyria requests us to discontinue the paper we send to A. M. Terry, as he refuses to take it from the office. We have stricken the name from our subscription list, but would remind A. M. Terry that we have sent him eleven numbers, for which we have received no pay. Will he please inform us what he would consider the honorable thing in a case like this?

IS IT TRUE?

We have been informed on good authority that the Reverend Elisha Bates, a minister in the M. E. Church, and editor of the Evangelical Union, is a slaveholder. We do not mean to intimate that he claims the right to whip, and brand, and sell the man toward whom he sustains the legal relation of owner, our informant did not so state the case, but told us that Elisha held the slave for the slave's benefit, as reads the popular phrase. This has been publicly proclaimed as a fact, and we should be glad to learn from Elisha himself whether it is true.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.

As very many of our subscribers will probably be at the Anniversary Meeting next week, and as we cannot properly give our attention, both to the meeting, & paper; and furthermore, as the Printers desire to have the privilege of attending it, we shall not issue any Bugle next week. As this is the decision of the Publishing Committee, we presume it will be satisfactory to all our subscribers.

ANTI-WAR MEETING.

We are obliged for want of room to omit a call for a convention of those opposed to the war with Mexico, to be held in Salem on Saturday the 20th instant at one o'clock.—The call is signed by a committee appointed at a meeting held at the Methodist church on the 9th inst.

THE TRINITY OF THE NORTH.—At the recent New England Anti-Slavery Convention, the celebrated Theodore Parker upbraided the North for making money out of slavery, and said their creed of the Trinity was, "I believe in the golden Eagle; I believe in the silver Dollar; I believe in the copper Cent."

The editor of the Warren Liberty Herald, whose office, press, and fixtures were destroyed by the recent fire in that town, has issued a slip relating the fact, and informing his subscribers and friends that he designs resuming the publication of his paper as soon as circumstances will warrant it.

IMPARTIALITY.—The men who declared war while lolling in their cushioned chairs at Washington, receive \$6 per day for their services; the men who do the fighting are paid the enormous sum of \$7 per month!—Who'll enlist?

PLEDGES.—We have received of Edmund Smith, Salem, \$2 on account of Am. A. S. Society; and of J. W. Thorn, Youngstown, \$20 on account of the O. Am. A. S. Society.

BOOKS.—We hope our friends who come to the Anniversary will be mindful to furnish themselves with the anti-slavery publications that will be for sale there.

ANNIVERSARY.—We learn from the Cincinnati Herald that the Anniversary Meeting of the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society will be held this year at New Garden, Columbiana county, on the 17th of June.

We take the above from the Cleveland American. We have exchanged with that paper ever since our commencement, and the Anniversary notice has been peering at friend Rice from the head of our editorial columns for some six weeks past; perhaps though, in so important a matter, he is unwilling to take anybody or anything as authority, except Dr. Bailey and the Cincinnati Herald. We should not be surprised, if ere long he announces that he has learned through the Cincinnati Herald, that the Anti-Slavery Bugle, a Disunion paper, is published in Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio.

HONORABLE.—"Two members of Congress were a few nights ago confined in our county jail, and manacled hand and foot. Yes, sir! two States of this Union—Pennsylvania and Missouri—were thus represented in our county jail by delegates of their own selection, whom they had much better kept at home in their own work-houses. However this is but one specimen, and a choice one."—Washington Cor. Buffalo Pilot.

We believe it is rather unusual for Northern Representatives to get in such a fix, but must nevertheless admit that Pennsylvania was aptly represented. Not only is she, but every other Northern State "manacled hand and foot" by the slave power; and as for the county jail which her delegate occupied, she sends men to the Penitentiary and Gallows who are guilty of far less crime than she in her corporate capacity is daily perpetrating.

ABOUT THE WAR.

The New Orleans papers contain accounts of General Taylor's movements up to the 19th ult. They state that

"On the afternoon of the 17th of May, a detachment of three hundred regulars and three hundred and fifty volunteers, proceeded to Barita and took possession of it, and established a military depot. On the night of the 19th, an express arrived from General Taylor, stating that he had crossed the Rio Grande and taken the city of Matamoros without opposition, the Mexicans having fled the city.

The Mexicans, from last accounts, were deserting their ranks in battalions. Two American regiments, with the exception of about three hundred and fifty, having

marched a few days previous, were stationed at Baritas Point, awaiting the orders of Gen. Taylor, and it was thought they would leave on the 20th for Matamoros, via the old Barita road."

In order that American patriotism may not glorify too much over these exploits, we subjoin an extract from a note written to the editor of the Tribune by a gentleman who resided in Mexico many years, in which the condition, population, &c., of these towns are set forth.

"The Barita, diminutive of Barra, as—therefore little as, and not Baretta, as the letter writers call it—is a rancho farm, consisting of less than a dozen huts, made of reeds, plastered with mud, and belongs to Antonio Salinas, the chalanero, or ferryman.

Matamoros contains perhaps 6,000 inhabitants. Three-fourths of the houses are made of reeds plastered with mud, and of adobe, (unburned brick;) the remaining fourth of soft brick. I do not believe there is a house in the town capable of resisting a four pound shot. There is not a stone in the town, nor can one be found within fifty miles of it."

From the Penn. Freeman.

NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION.

LETTER FROM MARY GREW.

Boston, May 29, 1846.

My Dear Friend—I have attended with deep interest the sessions of the New England Convention and the anniversary meetings of the American Peace Society. The existing war against Mexico is the exciting, absorbing topic of thought and conversation here, and was extensively discussed in these meetings. The New England Convention, which concluded its sessions yesterday, was indeed a glorious meeting; sublime in its manifestations of moral right, of lofty faith, and dauntless courage. It is always good to mingle with true friends of freedom, who have faithfully borne the heat and burden of long years of trial, and done good service to the cause; who, through good and evil report, have nobly borne onward the standard of emancipation, neither timidity shrinking, nor idly loitering by the way; it is especially so to stand again, side by side, with those whose labors we shared in the earliest days of our enterprise, therefore it could not but be cheering to me to be once more in the New England Convention. But others, who have punctually attended these meetings, during many years past, regard this as fraught with unusual interest and power. To the present state of the country, this is no doubt, in part, attributable. This war with Mexico, is, indeed, a test which will try men's souls: which is trying, severely trying the character of their humanity and their christianity, and it is soul-cheering to see the evidences, which the Convention afforded, that there are noble spirits here who are prepared to dare all, and suffer all the consequences of a firm refusal, to aid or countenance, in any manner, the base, unconstitutional, unchristian and inhuman policy of the United States toward Mexico.

Among the speakers at the Convention, were W. L. Garrison, S. S. Foster, Abby K. Foster, C. C. Burleigh, W. H. Channing, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, C. L. Remond, W. A. White and Edmund Quincy. There were several others who spoke briefly. As our readers will probably see a full account of the speeches in the Standard, I shall speak very briefly of them. The character of the present war, the baseness of the United States Government, the duty, and also the delinquency of Massachusetts in the matter, were eloquently and forcibly set forth by several speakers. Mr. Garrison commented on the horrible doctrine expressed in the maxim:—"Our country right or wrong!" which he said was advocated by professed christians, and even by those who claim to be the ambassadors of Christ. Noble testimonies were borne, by the different speakers, against the sin of the North in striking hands with the South, as it has done, and solemn appeals were occasionally made to the audience, to which they generally responded in a manner which showed that the spirit of freedom was not wholly dead within them. When Mr. Garrison declared his intention to stand by the slave in this conflict, unto the end; and inquired, "Will you join me?" the prompt and loud response of "yes," arose from the vast assembly. The platform was frequently offered to any one who wished to advocate the cause of the United States against Mexico, but during the three days of the Convention, only two persons appeared in its defence, one of whom announced himself as a volunteer for the war.

On the morning of the second day of the Convention, the call of Gov. Briggs for fifteen hundred men of Massachusetts to volunteer their services in this iniquitous war, was issued. It was read in the Convention, and also another document signed by him, previously, which protested against the course pursued by our government in reference to Texas and Mexico, and testifying, in strong language to its iniquity and baseness. The conduct of Gov. Briggs, in thus calling on his fellow citizens to enlist in a war which he had himself pronounced unjust, was eloquently and faithfully rebuked by several of the speakers, and also in a resolution adopted by the Convention. This Governor professes to be a follower of Him who has said, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him!" Mr. Garrison read the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature, relative to the subject, adopted a few years since, and commented upon them, showing how the present course of the State gives the lie to her former profession.

Henry Clapp, in a long speech, opposed the doctrine of "no union with slaveholders," denied that the government is the bulwark of slavery, because the church has, undoubtedly, been proved such. He thought that our artillery should be directed against the church; and preferred individual to associated action. He, evidently, has little sympathy with our movement. He was well replied to by C. C. Burleigh and Wendell Phillips. The latter clearly pointed out the absurdity of the inference which Mr. C. had drawn from the

fact that the church was the bulwark of slavery; and designated the support given to it by the church and the state, as the two great pillars of the institution, expressed his hope that some moral Sampson would arise and, standing in this temple of devil worship, lay a hand upon each of these pillars, and, bowing in his might, bring it down upon the worshippers and worshipped.

The martyrdom of Charles T. Torrey claimed the attention of the Convention, and resolutions on the subject were adopted. One of these was in rebuke of the Park St. Church which refused to permit his lifeless body to be brought within its sacred precincts, for the performance of funeral rites, though he was a member of a church of the same denomination. He was sick and in prison and they visited him not; he died, because he would, contrary to man's laws, obey the Savior's command, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" and this church which claims to be, preeminently, the church of Christ, the light of the world, thrusts his cold corpse contemptuously from them, adding insult to the injury which they in common with many others, had heaped upon him.

Near the close of the Convention, a solemn pledge to abstain from aiding or countenancing, in any manner, the pending war for the extension of slavery, was circulated for signatures. I know not how many signatures were obtained, but presume that they will soon be published. It was good to see the old men in the venerableness of age, the boy in the ardor of his youth, the mothers, the wives and the maidens of New England, eager to enroll themselves under the banner of liberty and peace.

"The Anti-Slavery spirit," said Mr. Garrison, "is the only one in our land, which slavery has not been able to grapple with and crush;" and when I think of the course pursued at this important juncture, by the Am. Peace Society, and by large bodies of professing christians and ministers, I fear that his sad prediction will prove true, that "the only men and women who will be able to stand in this crisis, are the fanatical, disorganizing, c-m-outer abolitionists." May Pennsylvania abolitionists be firm and faithful now and ever! I intended to give some account of the meetings of the Peace Society, but my letter has attained a sufficient length. I will leave that subject for another communication.

Years for the right.

THE BOAST AND ITS FALSHIP.—The President of the United States had every thing to say in praise of Annexation in his first Annual Message. The brightest sheaf in the chaplet thus won was its peace triumph.—Said he:

"This accession to our territory has been a bloodless achievement. No arm of force has been raised to produce the result. The sword has no part in the victory."

Says the Louisville Journal:

"Mr. Polk's glorification of the 'bloodless achievement' was a little premature. The mere act of Annexation was but the beginning and by no means the finale of the business. It can be said no longer that the achievement has been bloodless. Blood has already been shed, and the prospect is that thousands of lives will be sacrificed before the results of Annexation are seen. It is highly probable that the Whig prophecies in regard to the result will be fulfilled, and that the country will find out, when it is too late, that Texas will cost much more than it is worth."

Mobile has sent 100 volunteers to the war. This is as large a force as could be spared at present. We do not understand whether or not they are all officers. When we feel inclined to murmur at the slowness with which troops are raised at the south, we should remember that all rank and file while men there, are wanted to keep the slaves at work. It is the part of the south to furnish officers for our army, and with these the Rio Grande army is pretty well supplied already.—Chrenotype.

Melancholy Intelligence from Cape de Verde Islands.—Ravages of the Yellow Fever, Small Pox and Famine.—By a slip from the New York Herald, we have distressing intelligence of the ravages of the Yellow Fever at Bona Vista, one of the Cape de Verde Islands, by which one-eighth of the entire population had been swept off. A famine also prevailed, which had produced many deaths and the most intense suffering. At Bravista the yellow fever had prevailed for five months, causing about 500 deaths. On the 25th of April, the small pox was making terrible havoc at Gosen. About 200 had died in twenty days.

RECEIPTS FOR THE BUGLE

FROM MAY 28th to JUNE 11th.

Isaac Treseott, Salem, \$3.
J. Wickersham, Sinking Spring, \$2.
Matilda Ware, Pittsburg, Jacob Bowen, Allegheny City, A. Stanley, Chagrin Falls, Ridgeway Hayes, Salem, each \$1.50.
C. H. Thomas, New Garden, Ind. \$1.
John Watson, Mount Union, J. D. Snellinger, Danvers, T. Atkinson, Wilmington, 75 cents each.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

A Convention of members of the Society or Societies of Friends will be held at New Garden, on 3d day, 6th mo. 16th, (the day previous to the Anti-Slavery Convention there,) to consider their duties in relation to the subject of slavery. A general attendance is desired.

6th mo. 20th, 1846.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS.

Persons wishing to furnish themselves with anti-slavery Books and Pamphlets, can do so by calling on J. ELIZABETH JONES, one door west of the District School House, Green St.

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POETRY.

From The Herald of Freedom. RHYMES FOR THE PEOPLE, ABOUT BATTLE, GLORY, AND MURDER!

A requisition has come from the Captain General of the Nation, on the Commander in Chief of the State, for a Battalion of the working people of New Hampshire, to lay aside their "ploughshares" and "pruning hooks"—and get 'em some 'spears' and fire locks—and go and help the South maintain Slavery in Texas where Mexico has abolished it. The Adjutant General has seconded the Governor's proclamation for volunteers, by an eloquent appeal to the working people's fancy for Glory. But he does not volunteer to lead them. Perhaps it might stimulate the farmers to enlist, if they were informed that they may have for 'Companions-in-arms,' the inmates of the New Orleans Penitentiary, on condition that they will join the army. Perhaps they may also hope for the companionship of the Cuba Volunteers—who came over, like the Old Hussians, to dog the Seminoles, in the Florida War. Perhaps the farmers here will quit home and go—for all these inducements, and the 26 cents a day pay.

Said the Fife and Drum,
"Come, People, come;
You've heard of warlike story,
The South wants men;
Come, enlist, and then
You'll fight, and be crown'd with glory."

Said the village boys,
With a deal of noise,
"You may rattle on your drums;
But we won't take pay,
To lay waste and slay,
And bring trouble on our house."

Said the Sergeant, "Stare
On the clothes we wear,
Bright scarlet, green, and gold,
And then the pay,
Twenty-six cents a day,
And a pension when we're old."

Said the people all,
Both great and small,
"We've long been simple fools;
For we have paid
For your glittering braid,
Your pension, and your tools."

Said the Sergeant, "Boys,
Leave off your noise;
Come, come, enlist; and then
The band will play,
And you'll march away
To Mexico, like men."

Said the village boys,
With a deal of noise,
"We live at home in peace;
Our coats of frize,
We dearly prize,
And we won't enlist, like geese."

Said the Sergeant, "Then,
If we can't get men,
The Mexicans will beat us;
We may live in caves,
Or be chained like slaves,
And the whole wide world will cheat us."

Said the Anti-War men,
"Let them come, and then
We'll teach them to be quiet;
To turn their blades
Into forks and spades,
And to labor for their diet."

Then the Sergeant stamped,
And off he tramped,
In a towering rage and passion,
For he had delight
In furious fight,
In cutting and in slashing.

Then the Congress all,
In chamber and hall,
Got into such a fury,
High as a steepie,
They'd hang the People,
Without either judge or jury.

Said the people, "Why
Do you storm so high?
If you truly relish fighting,
Why, go be drilled,
And then be killed,
If that's what you delight in."

Said the South, "We see
How it will be;
Our Slavery will be knocked up;
And our glorious flag
Become a rag,
Into paper to be chopped up."

Said the people then,
"We'll flourish, when
Slavery's dark reign is over,
When Labor free,
Shall dance with glee,
And from War's curse recover."

Said Glory, "Gaze
On the tombs I raise
To the great who worship me;
To those whose word
Unsheathed the sword,
And spread death over land and sea."

Said the people loud,
"But the mighty Crowd
We're gathered from our homes;
By hosts they fell,
And who can tell
Where rests their shattered bones?"

Said Victory, "Hear
The thrilling cheer,
Of the conquering, the victorious!
The foes are gone,
And the battle's won,
And the triumph shout is glorious!"

And the whole of Mex-
ico—we'll annex,
Till the Union shall be roomy—
And our troopers "revel"
—And raise the devil—
"In the halls of Montezuma!"

Said the people all,
Both great and small,
"The devil too may cheer!
For the battle won
Is his harvest-home,
His shouts are the shouts we hear!"

Let the people all,
Both great and small,
Proclaim both near and far,
That they won't take pay,
To wound and slay,
And there's an end of war.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the National Press. THE ADOPTED CHILDREN. BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

A remarkable instance of the fondness of the South for their offspring, came under my observation during a recent journey to the south, by what I was facetiously told was the quickest and pleasantest route—the lakes—but which I found to be so much the contrary, as amounted to quite the reverse; for we had not been long on our way, until the weather began to be what the sailors emphatically call "dirty," increasing at last to such a tempest as I had no idea could be gotten up by any thing short of an ocean; but it is astonishing how ambitious those same lakes are; they had us completely at their mercy; and it was with great difficulty, and no little danger, that we made the shelter of an aboriginal lump of barrenness called Manitou Islands, where we were obliged to remain for five days.

Now, as the purveyors of these boats always calculate upon making the passage in a given time, and never provide more than an additional meal or two for adverse contingencies, and, inasmuch as we had a few deck passengers—some seven hundred, it is not at all to be wondered at that provisions waxed alarmingly scarce. The deck passengers had nothing to eat, and we had less; and out of our share, we had to support them; so as you may readily imagine, we were in a predicament.

At last an exploring party happened to blunder on an old cow. We would have as soon expected to see an elephant; but there it was—a living, breathing mystery—an organic remnant, a poor old antediluvian, eyeless, hornless, bovine patriarch; and so, without venturing a remark, but with rather a smile of satisfaction, the attenuated specimen of antique zoology yielded up its existence! Indeed, it was a mercy that we were at hand to extract its last breath, for it certainly had not sufficient strength to draw it; and so we had beef, doubtful in quality, it is true, but shade better than starvation.

During the continuance of our brief famine, the attention of our lady passengers was directed to a fine, honest-faced Irish laborer, who with his wife and three children, was journeying to seek his fortune in the far west. The children were perfectly beautiful—the eldest, about seven years of age, and the youngest an infant in arms. They became especial favorites with all on board, and were taken frequently into the cabin, for the purpose of being made most uncomfortably comfortable with sweetmeats, and other foreign and indigestible delicacies.

One day, delighted with her little companions, our philanthropic fellow-passenger was struck with a luminous idea! Addressing herself to me, she said:

"I have taken an immense fancy to these clean, ragged children. I have none of my own. This man seems very poor. I wonder if he would feel inclined to part with one of them? I would adopt and rear it as my own."

Although I had considerable doubt as to the result, I offered my services as negotiator, and proceeded immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair after some brief leaders:

"You are very poor, are you not?"

His answer was characteristic:

"Poor, sir," said he, "Av there's a poorer man than me, throublin' the world, God pity both av us, for we'd be about aqual."

"Then, how do you manage to support your children?"

"Is it support them sir? Be goxy, I don't support them any way. They git supported somehow or another. It'll be time enough for me to complain when they do."

"Would it then be a relief to you to part with one of them? I inquired."

I was too sudden—he turned sharply round.

"A what, sir," he cried, "a relief to part from me child? Would it be a relief to have the hand chopped from me body—or the heart tore out ov me breast? A relief, indeed! God be good to us, what is that you mane?"

"You don't understand me," I replied.—

"If now it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interest?"

That puzzled him.

"No sir," said he. "The heavens knows that I'd willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warm of it; but to tell uz what you're driven' at?"

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to one of his children; and, if he would consent to part with it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

This threw him into a fit of cogitation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and his child's interest, was evident and touching. At last he said:

"Oh, murder! wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must have a talk wid Mary—that's the mother of them, an' it would be right to be givin' away her child afore her face, an' she to know nothin' at all about it."

"Away with you then and bring an answer back as quickly as possible."

In about half an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," I inquired, "what success?"

"Bedad it was a sad struggle, sir," said he; "but I've been talkin' to Mary; an' she says, that as its for the child's good, may be

the heavens above 'ill give uz strength to bear it."

"Very well, and which is it to be?"

"Faix an' I don't know sir," and he ran his eye dubiously over both. "Here's little Norah—she's the eldest—an' won't want the mother so much—but then we've got used to her ways. There's little Biddy, now—she's not so old—but then, oh! *tear an' aiger*—its meself that can't tell which I'd rather part wid least; so take the first that comes, wid a blessing! There sir," and he handed over little Norah; turning back he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long-hearted father's kiss; saying through his tears,

"May God be good to him that's good to you; an' him that offers you hurt or harm, may their souls never see St. Pether."

Then taking his other child by the hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me. I took her down into the cabin, and we thought the matter all settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation however, in about an hour's time, I saw my friend Pat at the cabin window. As soon as he caught my eye, he commenced making mysterious signs for me to come out. I did so, and found he had the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now," said I.

"Well, sir," said he, "I ax your pardon for throublin' you about so foolish a thing as child or two, but we were thinkin' that may be it id make no difference—you see, sir, I've been talkin' to Mary, and she says she can't part wid Norah, bekase she has a look ov me, but here's little Biddy, she's purtyer far, an' av its all the same, av you pla e, sir, will you swop?"

"Certainly," replied I, "whichever you like."

So he snapped up little Norah, as though it were some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Biddy, who remained with us all night; but lo! the moment we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs again at the window, and this time, he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms.

"What's wrong now?" I inquired.

"Be the hokey fil, sir, an' its meself that's almost ashamed to tell you. You see I've been talkin' to Mary; an' she didn't like to part wid Norah, bekase she has a look ov me, an' be me soul I can't afford to part wid Biddy, bekase she's the very model ov her blessed mother; but here's little Paudieen, sir. There's a lump of a christian for you, two year old, and not a day more; he'll never be any throuble to any one, for av he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye an' the softest heart on the top of creation; an' av he takes after his father, he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swop, sir?"

"With all my heart," said I; "it's all the same to me;" and so little Paudieen was left with us.

Ah, ha!" said I to myself, as I looked into his big, blue laughing eyes, "the affair is settled at last; but it was not, for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin, without sign or ceremony, and snatching the baby in his arms, cried out—

"It's no use, sir. I've been talkin' to Mary, an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir; he's the youngest and best of the bunch. You wouldn't have the heart to keep him from us? You see, sir, Norah has a look of me, an' Biddy has a look ov Mary; but be me soul, little Paudieen has the mother's eyes, an' my nose, an' *bits or both or us all over*. No, sir, no: we can bear hard fortune, starvation an' misery; but we can't part from our childer, unless it be the will of heaven to take them from uz."

From Douglass Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.
TO EBENEZER PRUNE, GROCER
AND GENERAL DEALER, OF THE
TOWN OF NUMSKULL.

DEAR EBENEZER:

Your letter came to hand. There was no fear of that. No letter that showed a man to be a fool, ever yet miscarried. And a pretty noodle your bit of foolscap paints you.—What! you're glad we're going to have out the militia? You're delighted to find we've so much blood in us? Blood, indeed! What business has any decent Christian man with blood, unless in the way of black pudding.

Well, at your time of life, I didn't think you could have had the pipe-clay fever upon you! And yet it only makes out a notion of mine. You may begin with boys and lads, and teach them what's right and straight;—but it's plaguy hard to take the twist and crank out of your respectable middle-aged Solomons that will be fools, and still think you're so very wise, only because you're fools with a grave face. You say, the whole town of Numskull is ripe for war. Is it? 'Twould serve it right just to have one morning's relish of it. The mayor, you say, is very hot for glory, and the mayoress and her daughters dying to see the whole town in regimentals. If the thing could be done, I should like to have Numskull besieged, and the mayor's house particularly well peppered. 'Twould be a nice holiday, a capital sight for the rest of England. I think I could arrange a very pretty day's amusement.

Let me see: we will begin about seven o'clock in the morning. The mayor is yet in his bed, lying on his back, twiddling his thumbs, and counting over his virtues.—Whizz—bang—crash! A shell—fired by the Yankee Wholehog artillery—(they landed last night from the *Cashdown*, Pennsylvania frigate)—falls through the roof—through floor and floor—carries away, never minding the mayoress's screams, half the state street, leaving the mayor and his wife unhurt,—but still falling through dining room and parlor,—and intent upon doing the worst, descending into the cellar, and finally dropping into a pipe of the very best beausport port, just going to be bottled. Now, this bomb we'll suppose to be the first sugar plum of war!

The Mayor jumps out of bed, thinking of his money-box, his plate, his bonds, his pipe of port, and his wife and daughters. The lady mayoress screams like—no, I can't think of nothing stronger—like a woman! And then her five daughters, all in their bed

gowns and curl papers, rustling in, scream too, to show the tenderness and the weakness of their womanhood. Now, Ebenezer, aren't all these creatures pretty hypocrites? I mean what I say—and I'll prove it.

Bless their little satisfied souls! how they do love the military, to be sure! What a beautiful thing is a review to 'em—isn't it? And how they'll smile upon cannon balls as if they were things to eat—and how they'll wink their precious eyes in the breast-plates of the dear officers, more than if they stared in their own looking-glasses! And then, in their little puffed-up hearts, they think no more of a man than of a barn-door fowl, if he isn't a soldier. But only put a feather in his cap—red cloth and gold lace on his body—roll him tight round with a sash (the babe of glory!)—and let a long sword dangle by his side—and to woman's heart, what a dear peacock the sweet fellow is! She could follow him all over the world; his feathers are so fine, and he does strut so beautifully!—And in this way, Ebenezer, do women again and again make themselves parties to war and wickedness! In their hearts, to be sure, they don't mean it. They'll faint, some of 'em, to see a cut finger; but then a review only shows the flippancy of war—without the blood. The music's beautiful, and there's no call for lint.

But let me come back—for I've wandered a long way to the siege of Numskull, just to let you see the tendencies of war. Well, the mayor, and his wife and daughters, are all embracing one another in the bed-room, when Maria comes another shell, and blows away Maria and Louisa (young pretty things, that never did harm to anybody) into the next world. Bang—bang—fall the shells! Crash goes the house, and the mayor and his wife, and three daughters, scramble down stairs, and hide in the cellar!

Now, Mr. Mayor was a great man for war, and all his glory. Yes! when full of his best port, he would give his favorite toast—"A speedy war and soon!" And wherefore? The purple-faced old ass knew nothing of war but its outside finery. The regimental band, the fife and drums, made him feel as strong as Samson—but then he'd never had bomb-shells drop through his house, and his helpless children slaughtered under his eyes. How very differently does he now—squatted low, like a toadstool in his cellar—think of war! How does he groan and shake, and in his misery tear his grey hairs, as he hears the bull of war roaring about him, and listens to the yells and shouts of men, like devils escaped from the burning pit, to work destruction! And now—bang—bang his house is burst open—half the regiment of the Pennsylvania rifles flock in—Pillage, Pillage, is the cry—they tear from room to room—they descend into the cellar—they stave in pipes and hogheads—they seize the mayor's three daughters—and (could he ever have thought it!) now is he grateful that Maria and Louisa, in sudden death, met a better fate. Well, the poor mayor makes a rush at one of the heroes, when his brains are knocked out by the butt-end of a musket, and the "glory" continues.

But I know your answer to this. You say, "we never suffered all this. The rascally enemy can't come to Numskull to do this wickedness—we are safe!" Why, you stony-hearted ruffian—forgive me, for a minute, Ebenezer—is the atrocity any the less because you don't suffer it; is it a bit better because you send out men to do all this and endure none of the horror yourself? But, so it is, Ebenezer; you and such noodles as you, roar about the glory of war, because you've only seen a review—have only looked upon the glossy skin of the tiger, and have never felt its teeth and claws. True it is, you've paid taxes; and certainly, it is thought bad enough to bleed at the pocket; but, after all, 'tis not quite so bad as to bleed yourself, or see your wife or children bleeding on the bayonet. Purse-strings are delicate; but, somehow or the other, heart-strings carry it.

And therefore, Ebenezer, let me hear no more of your cock-a-doddie-doing about the splendor of war, and the grandeur of the militia. If you want to punish your fellow creatures, aren't you a grocer and general dealer, and can't you be satisfied?

There's short weight, adulteration, passing off bad money for good ways for you to delight the devil with; but don't treat him to the morsel of all that he best loves—war—wicked stuff, war!

And with this, I am, Your best friend,

JEMPER HEDGEHOG, *Cabman*.

ILLUSTRATED BOTANY.

Edited by John B. Newman, M. D.

CIRCUMSTANCES make the man, and often, as in the present case, the book. For years there has been a steadily increasing interest felt for the vegetable kingdom. Lately this taste has been partially gratified by the *Literary Magazine*, which owes their popularity in a great measure to the beautiful flower prints that adorn them. One specimen a month, however, is not enough, nor is it required in such connection. A work relating exclusively to the subject is wanted by the public, and this want the present enterprise is intended to supply.

We will mention in the outset that no universal panacea will be found in its pages.—We have never heard a secret worth knowing from, nor being cured of a deadly disease, by an Indian, or a seventh son of a seventh son, or any of the genus; the medical pretensions of all of which we utterly loathe and despise.

Preceded by a short introduction on Physiology, and review of the Natural and Linnean Systems, the work will be devoted to a separate consideration of each plant. Together with our own information, we shall draw from the standard works on Chemistry, Botany, and Medicine, combining every useful item of knowledge and with lessening its value, present it in a concise and pleasing form. Obtaining our supplies from the same sources as the bee, we hope to secrete as elegant a sweet for the mind as it does for the body. The properties of each, more especially the medicinal, will be confirmed in a great number of instances, by personal experience. To this will be added its history, its meaning in the language of flowers, and pos-

try, either original or selected from the gems of the children of song.

The whole illustrated by splendid colored engravings, taken from nature, full-sized and finished in the highest style of modern art.

This work is designed to be eminently popular in its application, and there is enough of that which is stronger than fiction about it, to render it in no ordinary degree, interesting and instructive.

TERMS.

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J. K. WELLMAN,
Publisher & Proprietor, 118 Nassau st., N. Y.
N. B. Publishers of newspapers who give this prospectus three insertions, shall receive the work one year.

June 12, 1846.

NEW FIRM.

HEATON & IRISH.
DON'T forget to call at the west end of Town, near Isaac Boone's and save time and money.

As the subscribers are now receiving a very heavy and splendid stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Thoroughly assorted, well selected, cheap purchased, and completely adapted to the wants of the community—equal to any in the town of Salem—*and not only a small stock of Old Goods*, we have great confidence in offering them to our friends and the public at large, as our fixed determination is to sell "as cheap as the cheapest," for ready pay, or to good men on *short rope*.

Our stock consists in part of Cloths, Satinets, Jeans, Tweeds, French Cassimer for coats and pants, Summer Cloth, Cestig Croton Alpacaes, cheap summer-wear for Pants and Coat; French, Scotch, English and Domestic Gingham, Shambrys, Tickings, Checks, Sheetings, Drillings, Flannels, Mous de Laines, Lawns, Coburgs, Chusans, Cashmeres, De cos Organdes, Balzicons, Jackinots, Swiss Crape, Crapeloise, Bombazines, Merinos, Dress Silk; lead, dark and brown Pongees; Umbrellas, Parasols, a great variety of Chip and Leghorn Hats, braided and hair Gipsy Bonnets, and Bonnet Edging and Ribbons. Men, women and children's Shoes, splendid 8-4 Cashmere, plain and figured Shawls, scarlet Merino Shawls, and Dress Hdkfs. of every variety and description, together with all sorts of Nicknackeries not to be enumerated here.

Also—Groceries, Queensware and Hardware, Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Chocolate, Molasses, Mackerel, Tar by the kiln, summer mould Candles, Cincinnati and Palm Soap, Rice, Raisins, Oils, Paints, Shellac and Logwood.

Also—Crochery and Glass Ware of every variety: Iron, Steel, Nails, Glass, Shovels, Spades, Cutlery, Cotton Yarn, Hatter's Trimmings, Bating, Wicking, &c. &c.

WOOL WANTED.

Any quantity of well handled, clean washed Wool bought at fair prices, for cash or "dicker;" also Butter, Cheese, Rags Feathers and all kinds of Produce taken in exchange for Goods: "no exception this year," cash not refused.

For sale, a two-horse Wagon, a three year old Colt, and a fresh Milch Cow.

HEATON & IRISH.
Salem, May 24, 1846.

OUR MOTTO IS

"THE READY PAY,"
AND OUR BUSINESS IS TO BUY AND SELL

HARDWARE AND DRUGS.

As Low as Possible.—Carpenters, Builders, Farmers, Carriage and Chair Makers, Painters, Cabinet and Harness Makers, Millwrights, and Mechanics generally, will find such articles among our assortment as will suit their separate purposes.

PHYSICIANS

who prescribe for others, and

FAMILIES.

who prescribe for themselves may at all times find a general assortment of

DRUGS AND BOTANIC MEDICINES

at

CHESSMAN & WRIGHTS,
Salem, O. March 23th.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

BOOTS and SHOES (Eastern and Western.) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at

TRESCOTTS.

Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE."

Onto. New Garden—David L. Galbreath
Columbiana—Lot Holmes. Cool Springs—T. Ellwood Vickers. Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes. Marlboro—Dr. K. G. Thomas. Canfield—John Wetmore. Lovellville—Dr. Butler. Poland—Christopher Lee. Youngstown—J. S. Johnson. New Lyme—Marsena Miller. Akron—Thomas P. Beach. New Lisbon—George Garretson. Cincinnati—William Donaldson. East Fairfield—John Marsh. Selma—Thos. Swayne. Springfield—Ira Thomas. Harveysburg—V. Nicholson. Oakland—Elizabeth Brook. Chagrin Falls—S. Dickenson. Peterburg—Ruth Tomlinson. Columbus—W. W. Pollard. Georgetown—Ruth Cope. Bundysburg—Alex. Glenn. Garrettsville—J. H. Pardee. Avon—E. Morgan Patterson. Farmington—Wm. Smith. Elyria, Lorain co.—L. J. Burrell. Oberlin—Lucy Stone. Ohio City—R. B. Dennis. Newton Falls—Dr. Homer Earle. Ravenna—Wm. Frazier. Franklin Mills—A. Morse. Hayfield—Anson Garlick. Southington—Caleb Greene. Mt. Union—Owen Thomas—Republican P. O., H. Wood.

INDIANA. Greenboro—Lem A. Brannon.—Marion—John T. Morris. Ellettsburg—Ira C. Maudsley. Liberty—Edwin Gardner. Winchester—Clarkson Puckett. Ellettsburg.—Dr. H. L. Terrill. Richmond—Joseph Adelman.

PENNSYLVANIA. Falkton—Joseph Coule; H. Vashon, Pittsburgh.